MARVEL
6
CULLEN BUNN • MARK BAGLEY • JOHN DELL • EDGAR DELGADO
DEADPOOL
Assassin
EXIT

SELECTED FOR A TOP-SECRET GOVERNMENT PROGRAM THAT GAVE HIM THE ABILITY TO HEAL FROM ANY WOUND, WADE WILSON USES HIS TALENTS TO BE THE WORLD'S MOST SKILLED MERCENARY – AND CERTAINLY ITS MOST ANNOYING. LOVED AND LOATHED AS THE MERC WITH THE MOUTH, WADE WILSON MAKES HIS MONEY AS A GUN FOR HIRE. FOR ALL YOUR HOMICIDAL NEEDS, NO QUESTIONS ASKED BUT PLENTY OF TASTELESS QUIPS AND MAXIMUM POSSIBLE TRAUMA, CALL...

DEADPOOL *Assassin*

WADE WILSON, A.K.A. DEADPOOL, HAS BEEN WORKING TOWARD RETIREMENT BY PICKING UP THE BIGGEST MERCENARY JOBS, WHICH HAS DRAWN THE IRE OF THE ASSASSINS GUILD. THAT HE POACHED ONE OF THEIR TOP RECRUITS, THRENODY, ISN'T HELPING.

THE GUILD RETALIATED BY TARGETING WILSON AND HIS LOVED ONES, INCLUDING HIS HANDLER, WEASEL, AND WEASEL'S WIFE, CLARICE. WADE WAS ABLE TO SAVE THEM, BUT NOT BEFORE WEASEL SUFFERED A FATAL WOUND.

WORSE YET, THRENODY HAS REVEALED THAT SHE HAS HER OWN SELFISH MOTIVES, AND HAS BEEN SIPHONING DEATH ENERGY FROM DEADPOOL'S KILLS IN ORDER TO FEED A CREATURE SHE'S CALLING HER CHILD...

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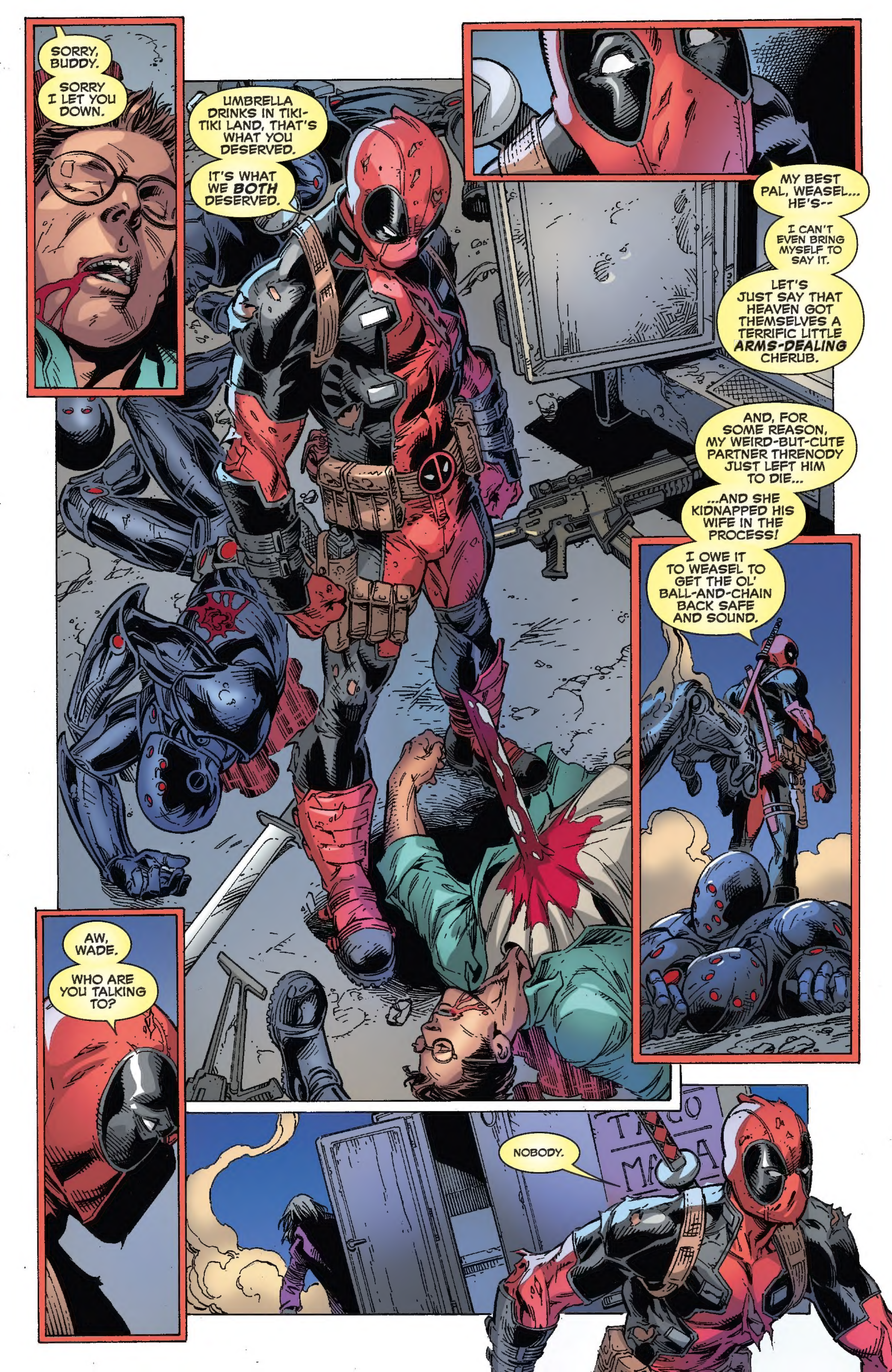
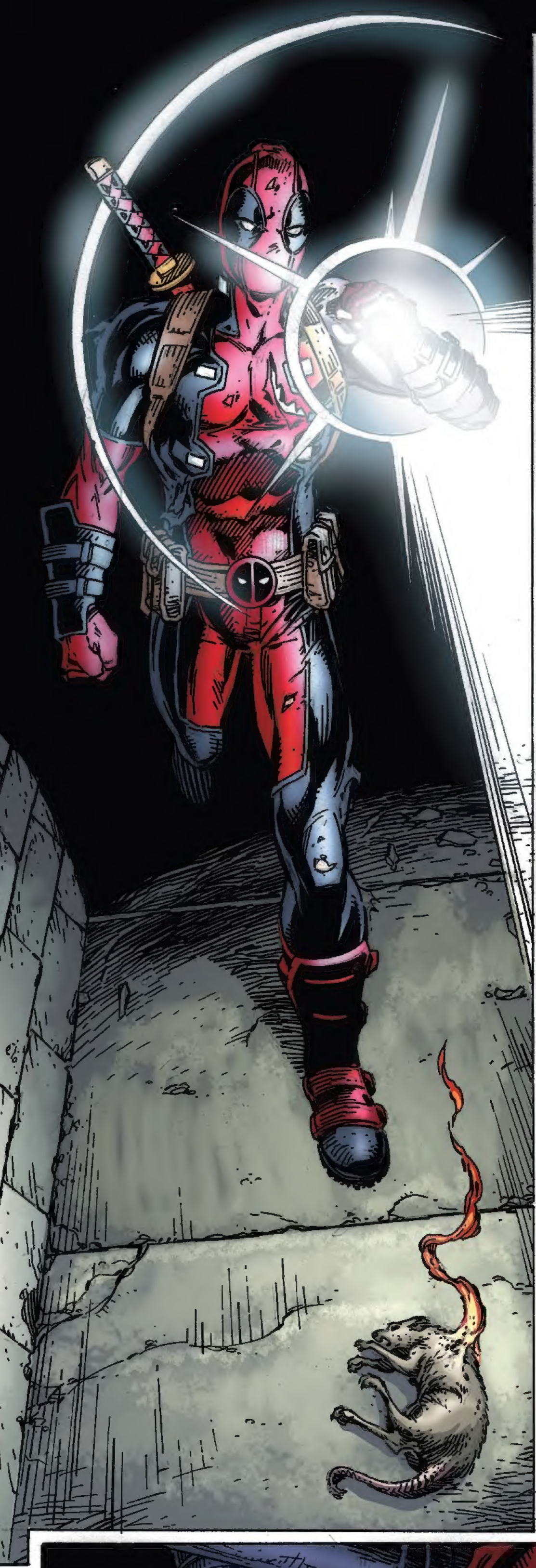
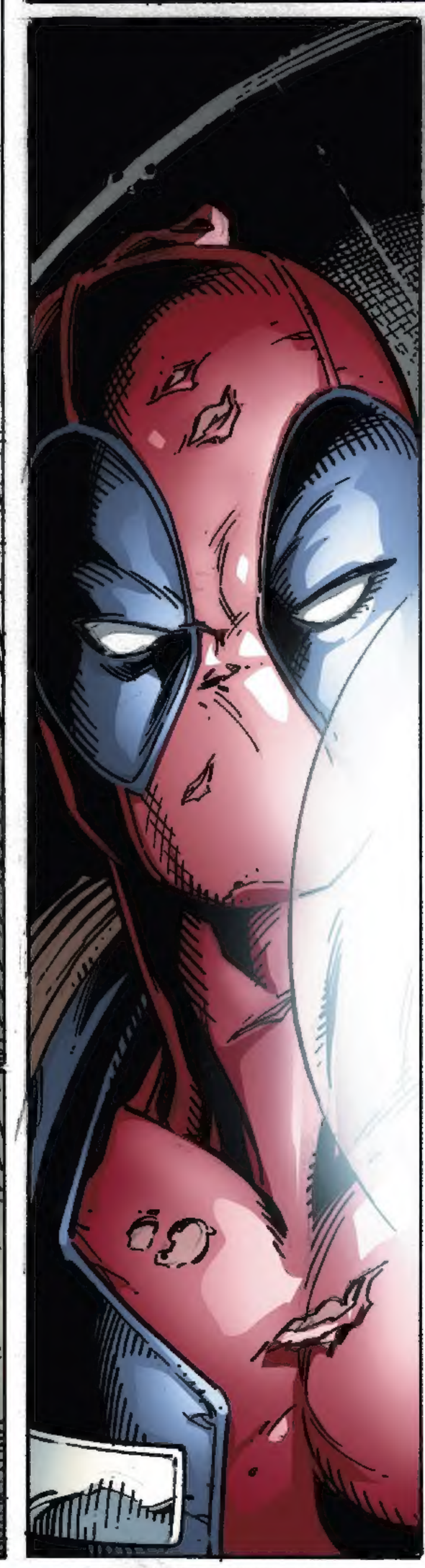
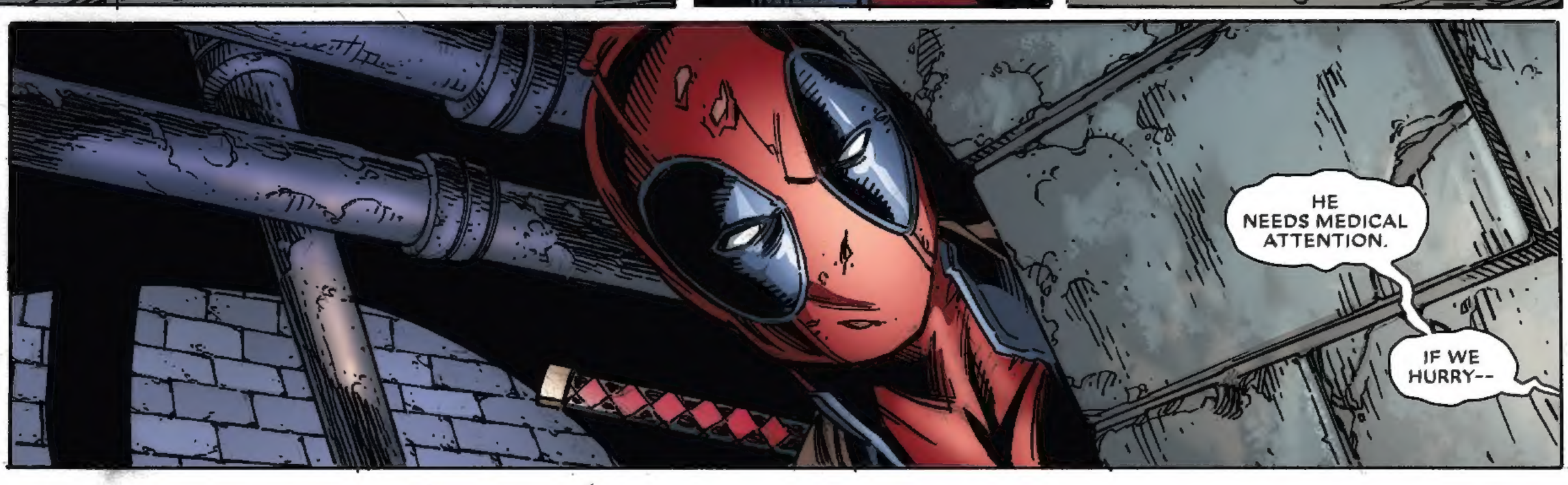

SORRY, BUDDY.
SORRY I LET YOU DOWN.
UMBRELLA DRINKS IN TIKI-TIKI LAND, THAT'S WHAT YOU DESERVED.
IT'S WHAT WE BOTH DESERVED.
MY BEST PAL, WEASEL... HE'S--
I CAN'T EVEN BRING MYSELF TO SAY IT.
LET'S JUST SAY THAT HEAVEN GOT THEMSELVES A TERRIFIC LITTLE ARMS-DEALING CHERUB.
AND, FOR SOME REASON, MY WEIRD-BUT-CUTE PARTNER THRENODY JUST LEFT HIM TO DIE...
...AND SHE KIDNAPPED HIS WIFE IN THE PROCESS!
I OWE IT TO WEASEL TO GET THE OL' BALL-AND-CHAIN BACK SAFE AND SOUND.
AW, WADE.
WHO ARE YOU TALKING TO?
NOBODY.

THRENODY... SHE'S GOT SOME SORT OF DEATH-VOODOO MUTANT POWER.
SHE CAN SUCK THE SOUL RIGHT OUT OF LIVING CREATURES.
IT'S LESS "SEXY SUCCUBUS" AND MORE--
EEECH!
WHEN THRENODY REALLY CUTS LOOSE...
...AND IT LOOKS LIKE SHE DID WITH THOSE ASSASSINS BACK AT THE MOTEL...
...IT CAN TURN A PARTY INTO A BONEYARD REAL QUICK.
MAYBE IT GETS A LITTLE HARD TO SHUT OFF.
IT DOES LEAVE A TRAIL, THOUGH.

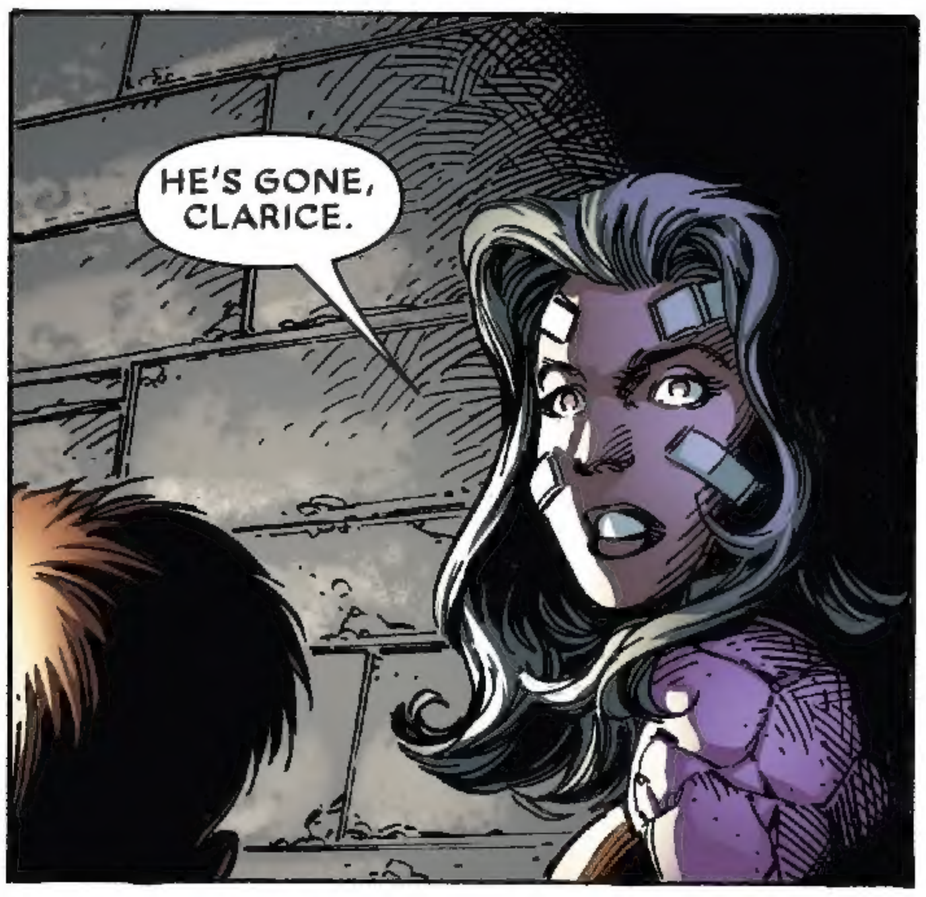




P-PLEASE...
PLEASE, JUST LET ME GO.
MY HUSBAND NEEDS ME.


HE NEEDS MEDICAL ATTENTION.
IF WE HURRY--

--WE MIGHT BE ABLE TO SAVE HIM.
I'M SORRY, CLARICE.
WEASEL IS *DEAD*.
I TASTED HIS LIFE FORCE BEFORE WE ESCAPED FROM THE GUILD.
I FELT IT WINK OUT.



NOW, I REALIZE ONLY LIFE--
--NEW LIFE--
--HAS THE VITAL SPARK MY CHILD NEEDS.
N-NUH--
NOT M-MY... BABY.

WHAT SAY WE COOL IT WITH THE NECROMANCY AND LIFE-DRAINING, ALL RIGHT?
WADE--
FRIENDS DON'T SUCK OTHER FRIENDS' SOULS.
UNLESS THEY'VE KNOWN EACH OTHER FOR A VERY LONG TIME AND-- NEVERMIND.
YOU CAN'T STOP THIS.
YOU JUST-- CAN'T.
I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT'S GOING ON HERE.
WHAT'S ALL THIS TALK ABOUT BABIES?
IS... WEASEL'S WIFE... YOU KNOW...IN THE FAMILY WAY?
AND IF SHE IS, WHY ARE YOU PUTTING THE DEATH WHAMMY ON HER?
YOU MUST UNDERSTAND.
EVERYTHING I'VE DONE... ALLYING WITH THE ASSASSINS GUILD... ACCOMPANYING YOU...
...IT'S ALL SO I COULD NOURISH MY CHILD.
YOUR... WHAT?
AW, THREN.
LEMME SEE.
TURN TO--

RAAUAGGGH!

OH MAN.

THREN... I HATE TO TELL YOU THIS...

...BUT THAT THING LOOKS *DEAD*...AND MAYBE A LITTLE *DEMONIC*.

WHATEVER YOU'RE FEEDING IT--I BET IT IS NOT DR. SPOCK APPROVED.

I KNEW IT WOULD BE THIS WAY.

ALL THE DEATH THAT I'VE CONSUMED...

...IT AFFECTED THE BABY.

IT NEVER HAD ANY CHANCE OF BEING *HUMAN*. OF BEING *ALIVE*.

AND YET IT STILL *HUNGERS*.

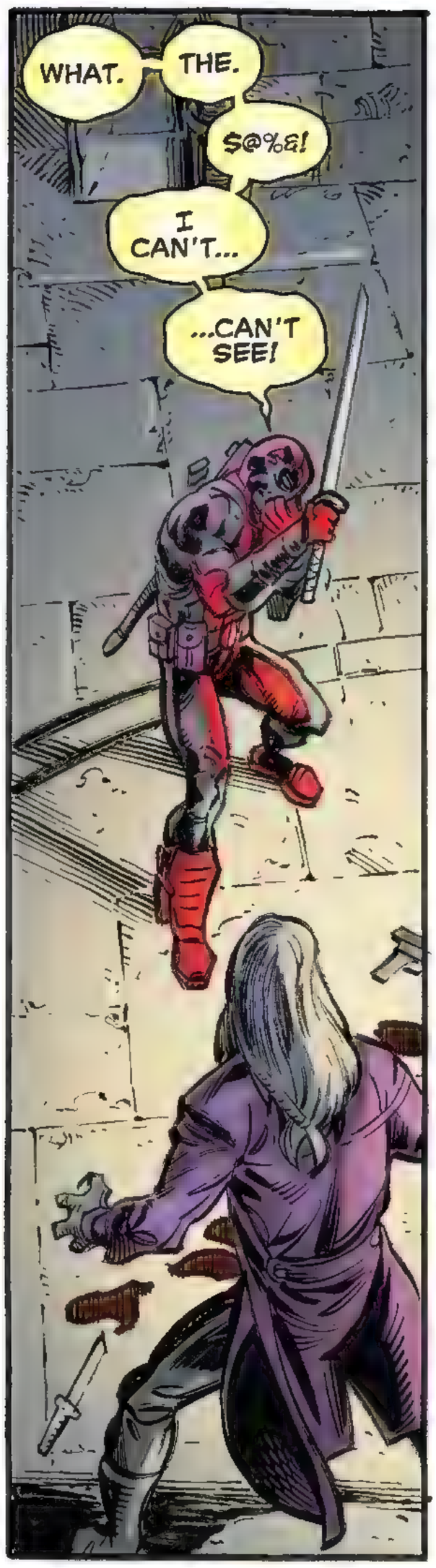
SO YOU'RE GONNA FEED CLARICE TO IT?

THRENODY, THAT'S SO MESSED UP!

NOT CLARICE.
HER BABY.
HER CHILD MUST *DIE* SO THAT MINE CAN *LIVE*.
AW, C'MON, THREN. JUST LISTEN TO YOURSELF.
I THINK YOU ABSORBED A FEW TOO MANY SOULS. YOU REALLY THINK *ONE MORE*--FROM A *BABY*--IS GONNA MAKE A DIFFERENCE? YOU'RE ACTING A LITTLE DARK PHOENIX-Y, HERE.
THAT *THING'S* INSIDE YOUR HEAD! YOU'RE NOT SAVING YOUR BABY... YOU'RE *KILLING* CLARICE'S!
I'M DONE SIPHONING DEATH IN THE HOPE THAT IT WILL SAVE MY CHILD.
IT'S ONLY PROLONGED MY BABY'S HORRID EXISTENCE.
IT'S LIFE THAT I NEED.
NEW LIFE.
I CAN'T LET THAT HAPPEN.
YOU KNOW WHAT I'M CAPABLE OF.
DO YOU REALLY THINK YOU CAN STOP ME?
DON'T PUT ME IN A POSITION TO TRY OR--

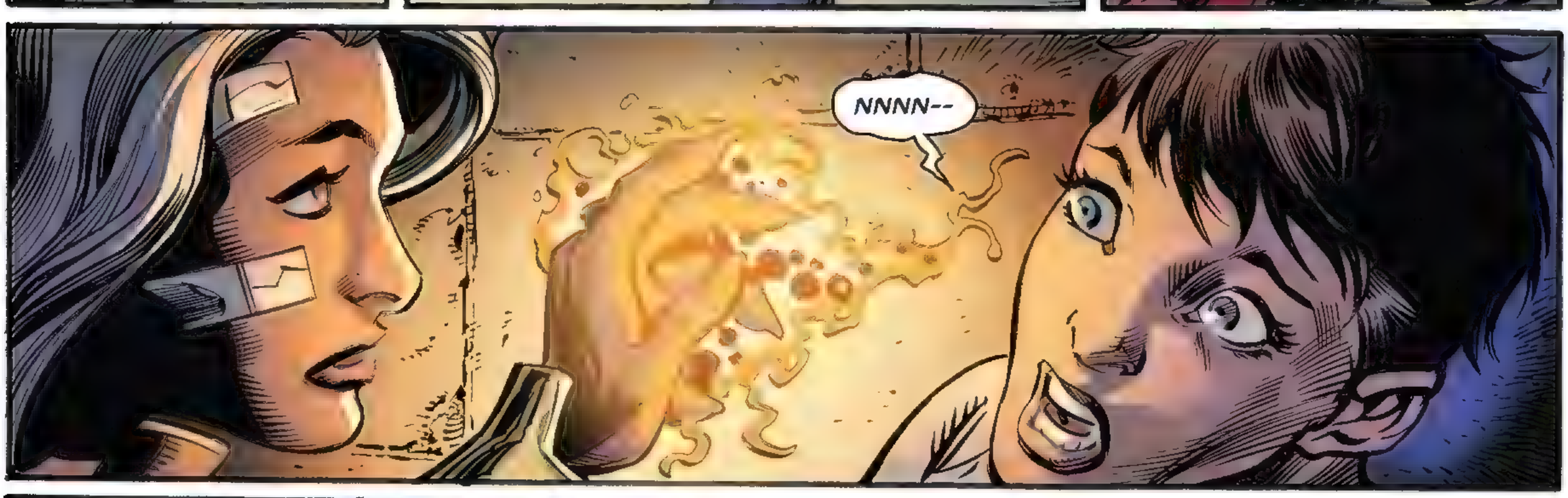
DEADPOOL!
LOOK AT WHAT YOU'VE DONE TO ME!
I'LL KILL YOU FOR THIS!
BLAM
BLAM
B-BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
BLOODSCREAM.
CLICK CLICK CLICK
LISTEN, LEPER-LESTAT.
YOU'RE KINDA INTERRUPTING A FAMILY DISPUTE, HERE.
COULD YOU JUST GIVE US A MINUTE?
I'LL LAP UP YOUR BLOOD!
I'LL SWALLOW YOUR--
CHUNK
YEEEEEEEEAAAAAAARG!
DON'T WHINE.
YOU DESERVED THAT STABBING, AND YOU KNOW IT.
THREN... JUST HOLD ON A SECOND, OKAY?
WE CAN TALK THIS OUT.
JUST LET ME TAKE CARE OF THIS BLOODSUCKER.

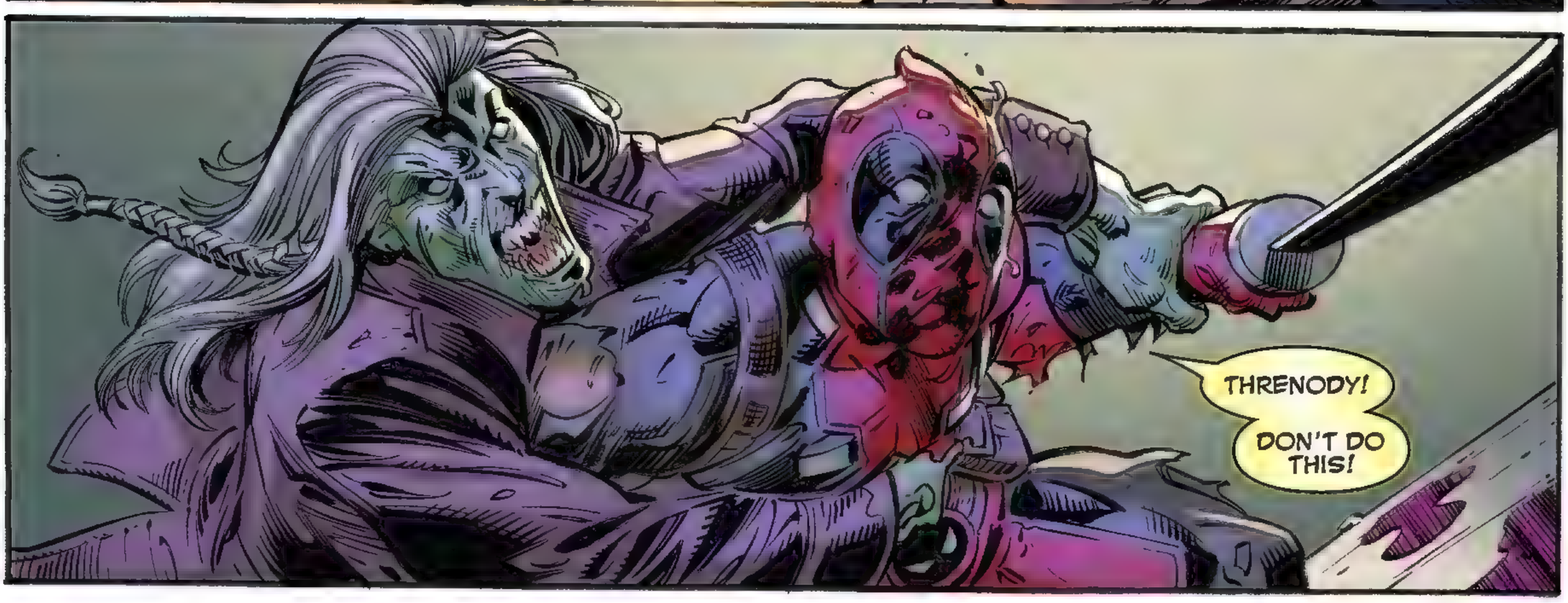
YOU KNOW WHY THRENODY RAN OFF WITH YOU, DON'T YOU?
YOU KNOW WHY SHE LEFT ME?
SHE THOUGHT YOU MIGHT BRING MORE DEATH HER WAY.
IS THAT WHY YOU'RE SO SORE?
BECAUSE SHE TRADED UP?
HHRRRN!
THAT'S SO WEAK!
SLLLLSH
SHHRIP
DUDE, DON'T CRY OVER SPILLED ENTRAILS!
LOP
GLLAAAAAAAAAGH

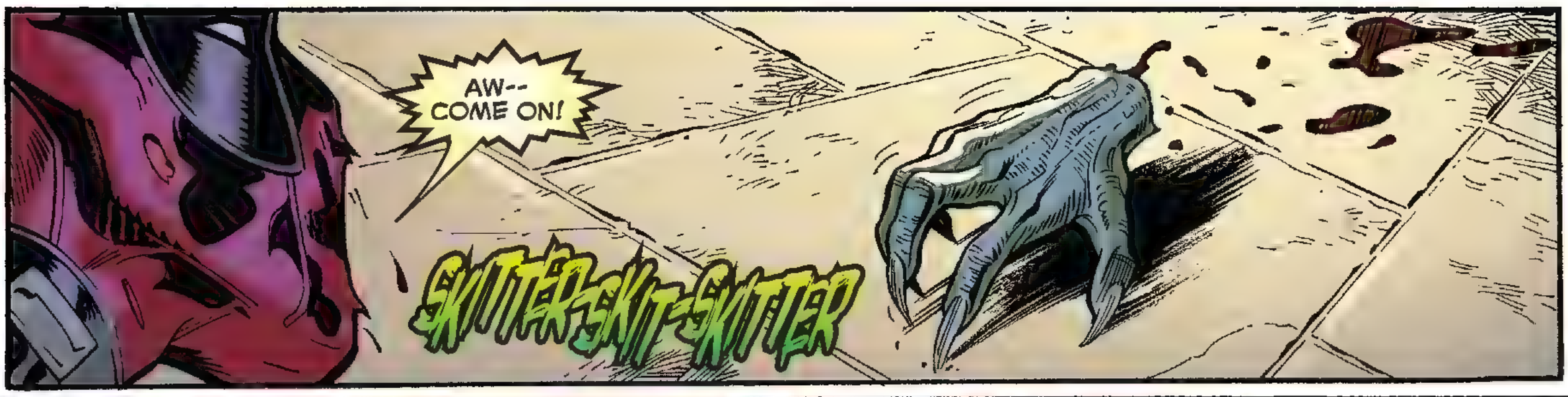

WHAT.
THE.
$@%&!
I CAN'T...
...CAN'T SEE!

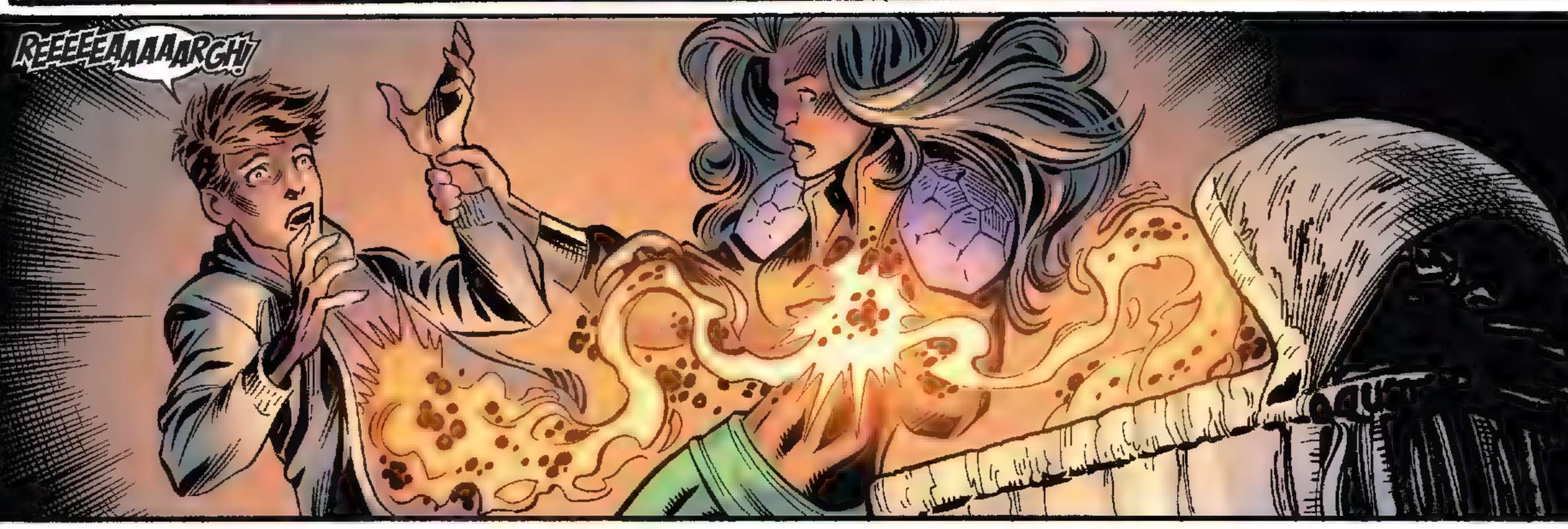
I'M SORRY, CLARICE.
I'LL MAKE THIS AS PAINLESS AS POSSIBLE.
FOR YOU AND YOUR CHILD.

HRRRSSSK!
I'M ALL FOR KILLING FOOLS.
BUT THERE'S SUCH A THING AS PRIDE, MAN!
YOU CAN'T GO AROUND PUKING BLACK BILE IN THE FACES OF YOUR ENEMIES.

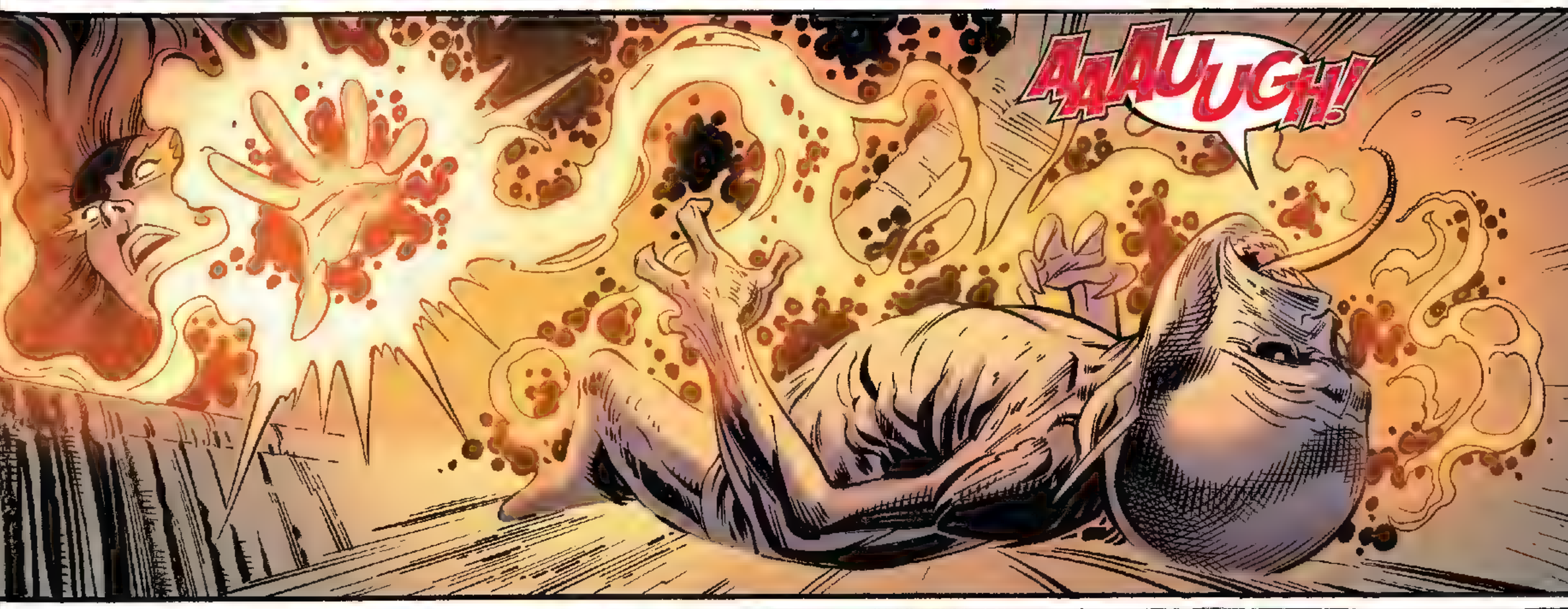

NNNN--

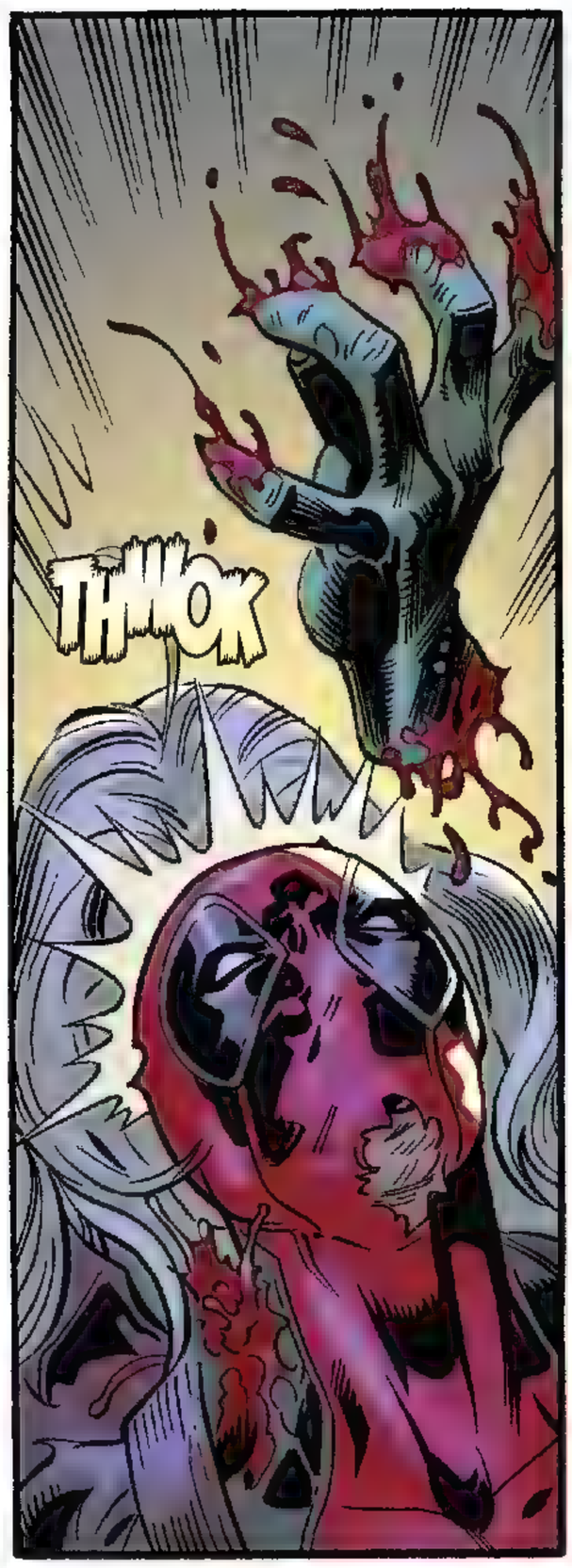

THRENODY!
DON'T DO THIS!

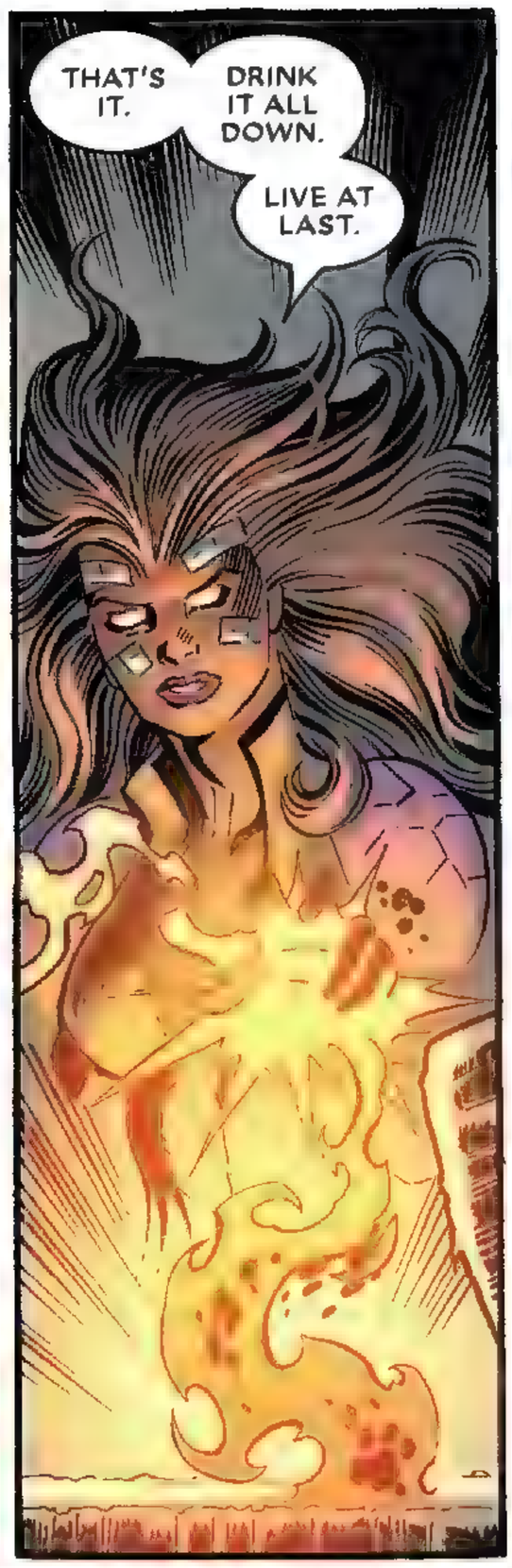

AW-- COME ON!
SKITTER-SKIT-SKITTER

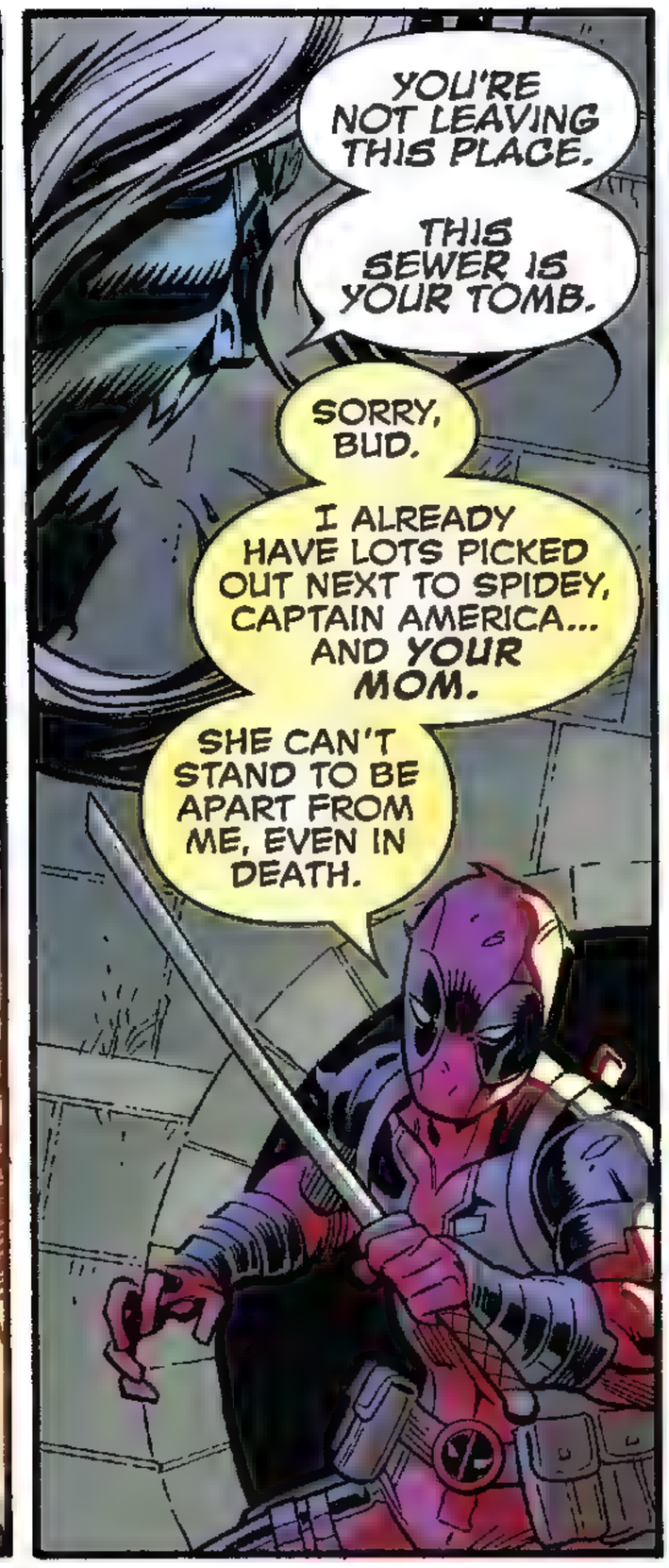

REEEEEAAAARGH!

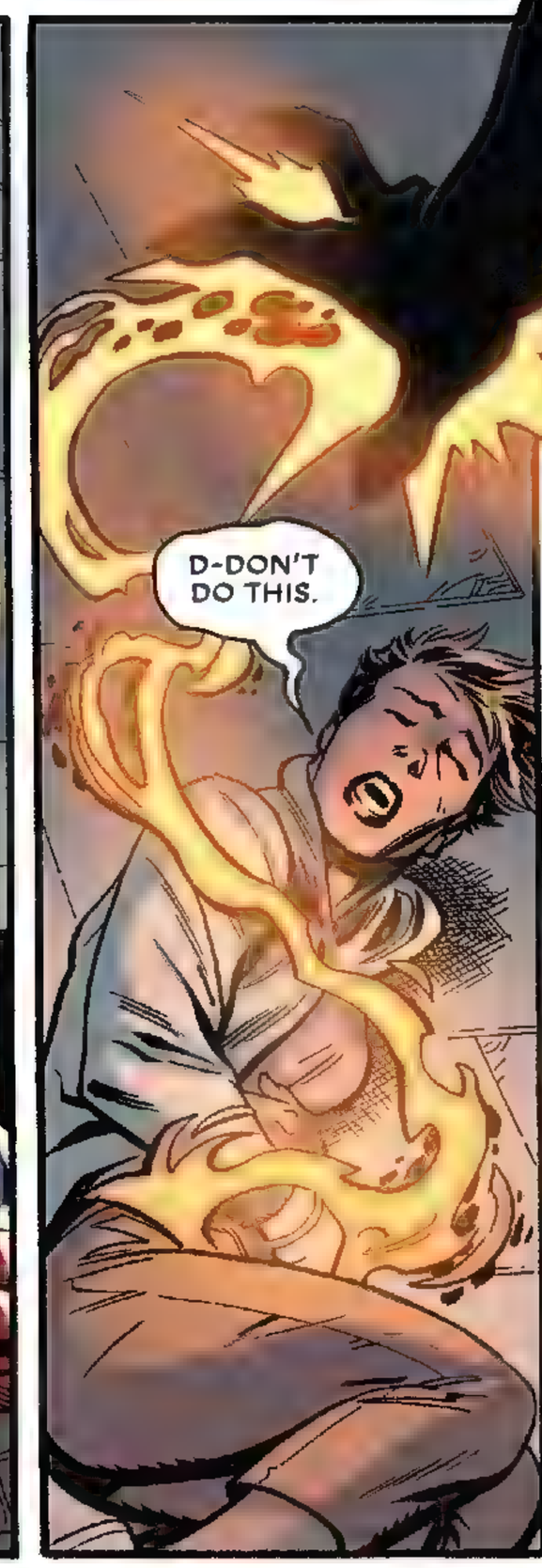
GET YOUR DAMN DIRTY SEVERED HANDS OFFA ME!


AAAUGH!









SWING AN' A MISS!

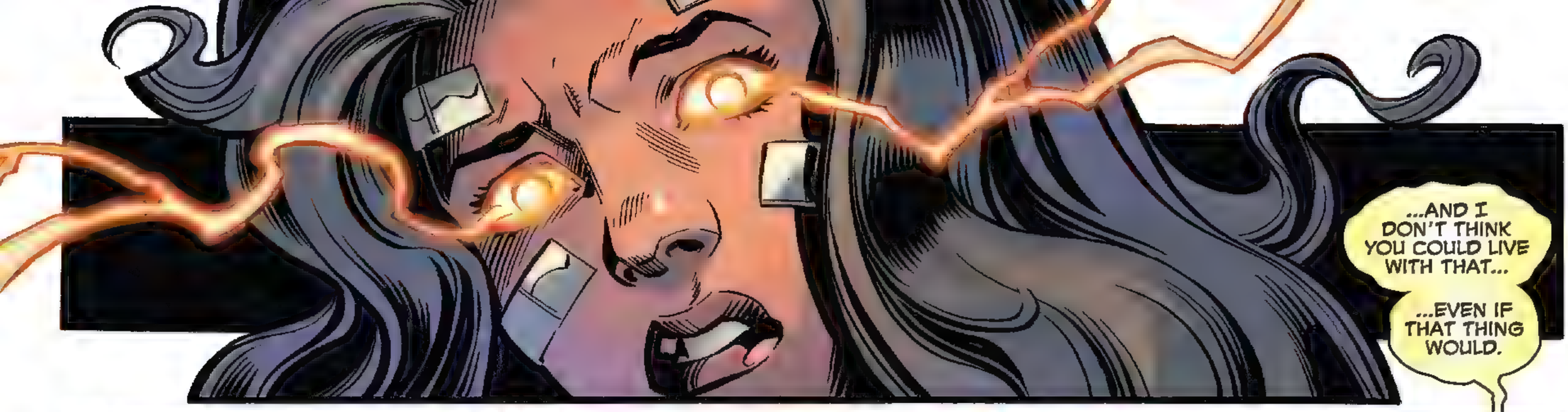
HSSSSSSSSSK!

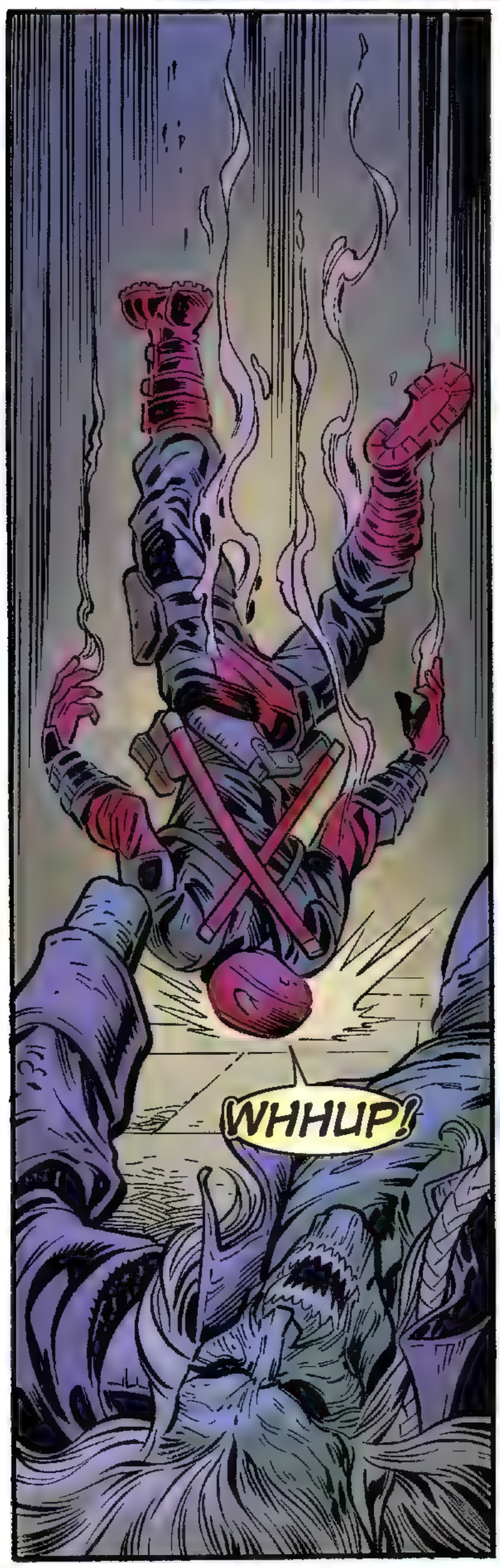
NEEAGH!
I THINK THAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN MY SPLEEN!
L-LUCKILY, I KEEP ALL MY INTERNAL ORGANS NUMBERED FOR JUST SUCH AN OCCASION.
LIVE AT LAST!
DIE! DIE! DIE, YOU FREAK!
M-MY BABY.
SKRRRRRGGGGK!

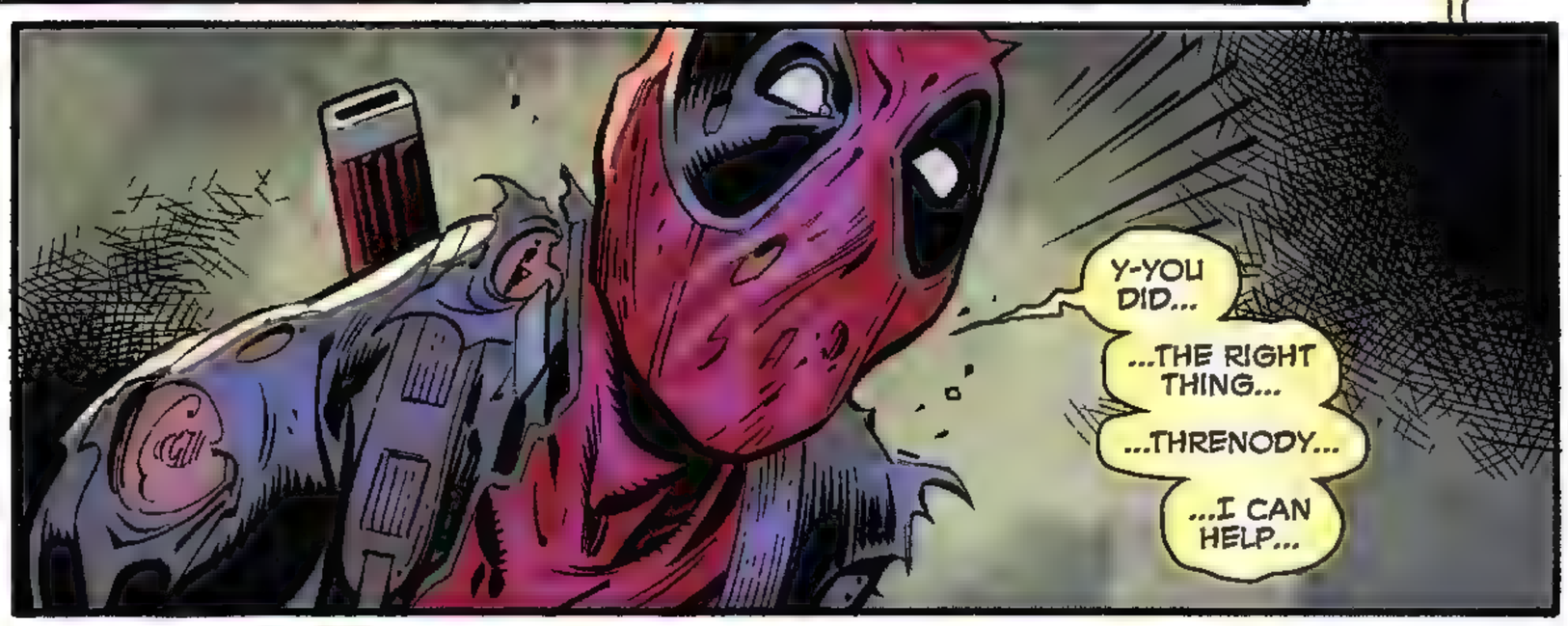
THAT'S!
JUST!
NASTY!
WAAAAUGH!
SHRRRRPPPP
WE'RE GONNA HAVE TO PUT A PIN IN THIS FIGHT, BLOODSCREAM.
OL' WADE'S GOTTA DO A DIRTY DEED.
WAAAAU--
SCHUNK
NOOOO!

HOW COULD YOU DO THIS?
HE WAS GOING TO LIVE AGAIN!
HOW COULD YOU TAKE THAT FROM HIM?
FROM ME?

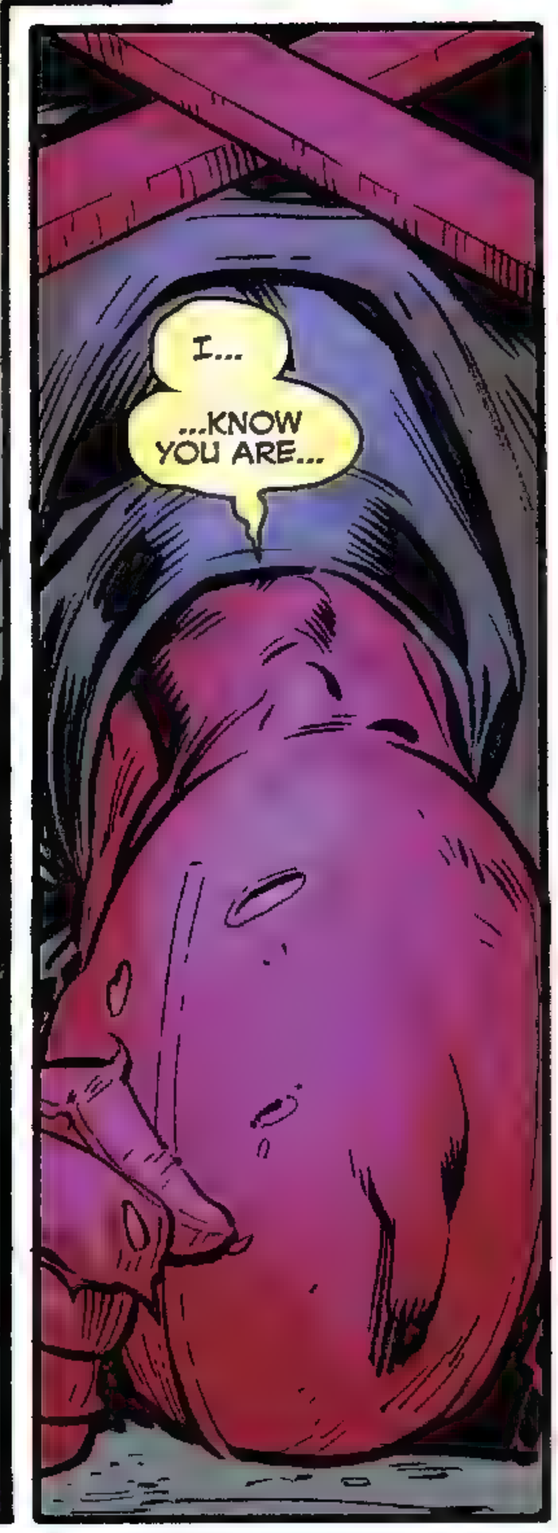
C-CLARICE...
...ON YOUR FEET...
...YOU RUN...
...RUN AND DON'T LOOK BACK!
NUUUH!
C-COLD!
IT'S SO COLD!
YEEEEAAAARGH!
THR-THRENODY! I'M SORRY! SORRY FOR WHAT I DID!
BUT IF I LET YOU GO AROUND KILLING BABIES...
...I KNOW YOU...

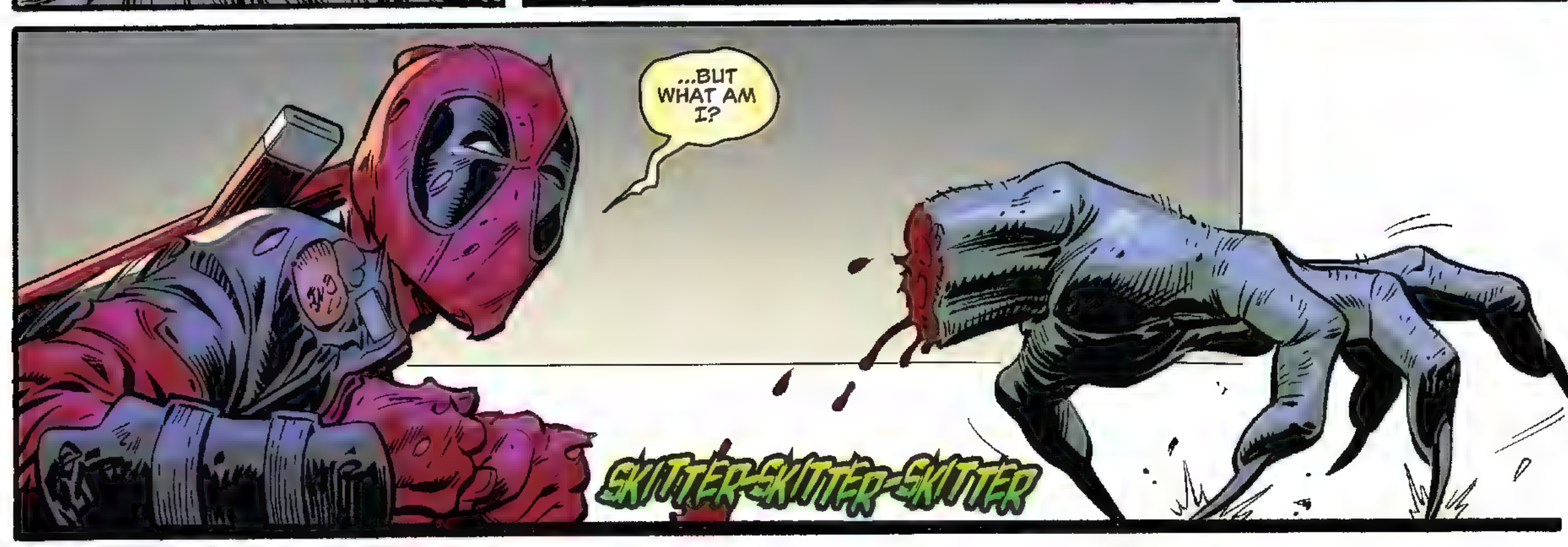

...AND I DON'T THINK YOU COULD LIVE WITH THAT...
...EVEN IF THAT THING WOULD.


WHHUP!


Y-YOU DID...
...THE RIGHT THING...
...THRENODY...
...I CAN HELP...

THERE'S NOTHING YOU CAN DO, DEADPOOL.
MY CHILD NEEDED LIFE...
...AND YOU ONLY BRING DEATH.


I...
...KNOW YOU ARE...


...BUT WHAT AM I?
SKITTER-SKITTER-SKITTER

"AND I HAVEN'T SEEN THRENODY SINCE."

EVEN WITH MY HEALING FACTOR, IT TOOK A FEW WEEKS TO GET BACK TO MY ***FIGHTING WEIGHT.***

IT TOOK A LOT OF ***CHIMICHANGAS RANCHEROS.***

THERE WAS A MOMENT THERE WHEN I THOUGHT MAYBE I DIDN'T WANT TO HEAL.

I TRIED TO FIND THREN.

BUT SHE DOESN'T WANT TO BE FOUND... AT LEAST NOT BY ME.

THE ONLY THING I CAN OFFER HER RIGHT NOW--

"--WELL, SHE'S NOT INTERESTED."

STAY AWAY FROM ME, WADE.

I DON'T EVER WANT TO SEE YOU AGAIN.

YOU ONLY BRING DEATH.

I'M GONNA KEEP AN EYE OUT FOR HER BETWEEN GIGS.

I JUST WANT TO MAKE SURE SHE DOESN'T START GOING THE LIFETIME MOVIE ROUTE AND START KIDNAPPING BABIES AGAIN.

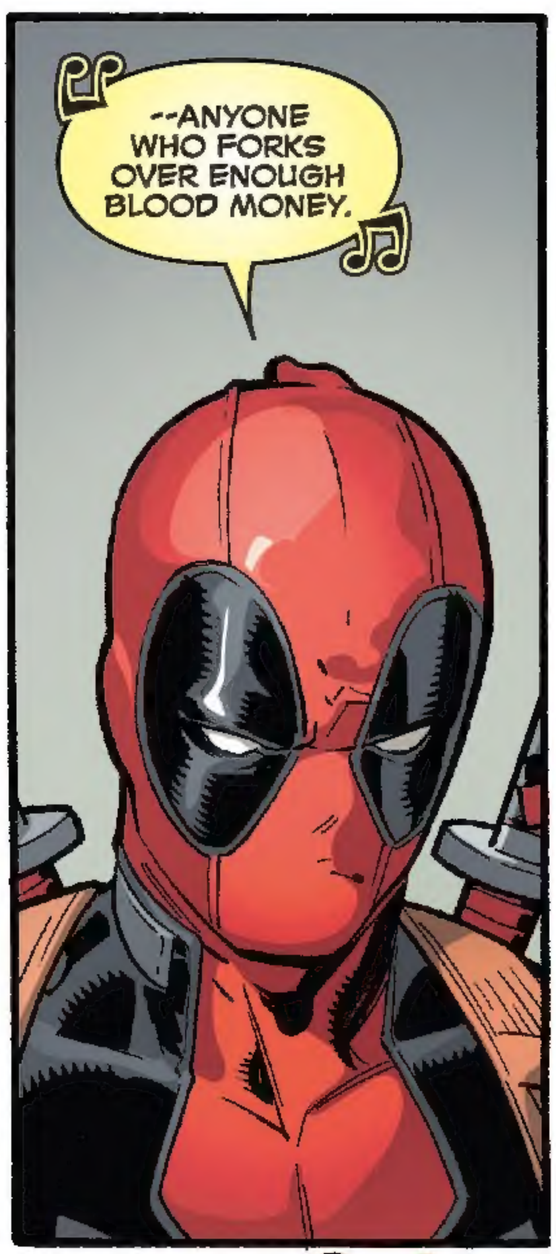
I'LL KEEP MY DISTANCE, THOUGH, IF I CAN.

I GUESS I GAVE UP ON THE WHOLE PRIVATE ISLAND PIPE DREAM, TOO.

THAT IDEA'S AS ***DEAD*** AS WEASEL.

OR THREN'S ***UNDEAD DEMON SPAWN.***

I'M JUST A DEATH MACHINE, AND I DON'T WORK FOR NOBODY BUT--


--ANYONE WHO FORKS OVER ENOUGH BLOOD MONEY.

OH YEAH!
WEASEL'S WIDOW IS DOING ALL RIGHT, ALL THINGS CONSIDERED.

GO &#$% YOURSELF!
I CHECK IN ON HER, TOO, EVERY NOW AND AGAIN.

I DON'T THINK SHE'S GONNA NAME THE BABY AFTER ME, THOUGH...
...PROBABLY NOT AFTER WEASEL, EITHER.
MY GUESS? SHE WANTS TO KEEP THE KID AS FAR FROM THE MERC LIFE AND HIS LEGACY AS POSSIBLE.

I GUESS SOMETHING GOOD CAME OUT OF ALL THIS AFTER ALL.
END.

CHECK OUT THESE OTHER DEADPOOL TITLES!

DEADPOOL #4

SPIDER-MAN/ DEADPOOL #38

SECRET AGENT DEADPOOL #1

MR. AND MRS. X #2

ZONE